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THE

Commonweal

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Realities and Bugaboos

by Edward T. Chase

Changes in Protestantism

A Theological Reassessment

by Gregory Baum

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THE COMMONWEAL
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

AN AMERICAN IN RUSSIA

THERE IS no doubt that the Administration is in an embarrassing position over the incident of the American flier now in Russian hands. There is also no doubt that Mr. Khrushchev has scored a tremendous propaganda victory which he will now proceed to exploit to the utmost. And, further, there is no doubt that the position of the United States and our allies at the forthcoming summit meeting will be considerably weakened by the incident.

Even the strongest partisans of the Administration are having some difficulty in defending its handling of this matter. When Mr. Khrushchev first broke the news that an American plane had been shot down over Russia, the American explanation was that the plane might well be a high altitude weather research plane, the pilot of which was having trouble with his oxygen equipment and which might then have crossed the Soviet border while the pilot was unconscious. "There was no deliberate attempt to violate Soviet air space and there never has been," said the official spokesmen for the State Department.

Then, when enough time had been allowed for the world's press to report U.S. denials in full, Mr. Khrushchev sprang his trap. He revealed that the American pilot was not dead as had been presumed, despite what was taken to be a suicide kit in his equipment, and he declared the Soviet Union had in its possession the plane's flight plan across Russia from Pakistan to Norway, as well as many photographs taken en route of Soviet military and industrial establishments.

In this situation, the normal course for most governments to follow would have been to stick to denials. Espionage is practiced by all major powers, but no one admits it, and agents are warned from the beginning that they are expendable; the men engaged in what is probably the nation's most dangerous peacetime service have to expect to be disowned if they are caught.

Instead of following the traditional course of denial, however, the United States government decided on this occasion to make a frank statement of at least some of the facts. After an inquiry ordered by the President, the official statement said, the following points were established: there was no "authorization" for flights across the Soviet Union, presumably meaning specific authorization by the President or the State Department; "nevertheless, it appears that in endeavoring to obtain information now concealed behind the Iron Curtain a flight over Soviet territory was probably undertaken by an unarmed civilian U-2 plane."

In other words, a U.S. agent, presumably from our Central Intelligence Agency, was in the hands of the Russians after penetrating more than one thousands miles into Soviet air space on his way across country. The initial U.S. story of a weather pilot who strayed across the frontier while unconscious was a myth and a fabrication; if U.S. flights across the U.S.S.R. came as a surprise to top American officials, the C.I.A. had unfortunately not been as successful in keeping the secret from Mr. Khrushchev.

THIS IS not the kind of news the American people were prepared to hear. In the popular view, apparently, espionage is something the Russians engage in. At this moment the future of the American flier who risked his life in his country's service is certainly in grave doubt; nonetheless, "spying" is considered somehow underhanded and sneaky, and it is typical that the captured agent's family has been busy denying that the pilot "would ever do any such thing"—almost as if the young

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American had been detected passing secrets to the Soviet Union rather than gathering them.

For those who follow such matters with any attention, however, and for those in the government, the necessity of intelligence activities is something that is taken for granted. This is particularly true, as the official U.S. statement noted, in relation to the Soviet Union, which combines an intense suspicion of others with the deepest secrecy about itself. The criticism that should be made of the Administration in this matter, then, is not concerned with the concept of intelligence activities in general. The real quarrel is with the fact that the right hand of our government did not seem to know what the left hand was up to, and with the nature, timing and execution of this operation in particular.

On both scores the affair of the captured flier is far from reassuring. It is obviously impossible for the President of the United States and the National Security Council to know every detail of our intelligence activities around the globe. But flights across the Soviet Union by high-altitude photo planes can hardly be described as mere details.

The basic outlines of our intelligence activities have to be evaluated by those responsible for overall national policy. Not every activity that will bring in information is worth the risk involved. If the United States has been able to fly regularly over the Soviet Union undetected, it does provide a heartening indication that aerial scrutiny may be able to reduce the chances of a sneak nuclear attack. But we feel quite certain that any responsible diplomat would have urged that such activities be curbed in these weeks immediately before the crucial summit meeting. And if such flights are not in fact a regular thing, if this particular flight represented a special effort, then to undertake it at this time was sheer folly.

This is stating the obvious. What should also be obvious, is that such flights by any nation today involve a tremendous risk of war—not a planned and premeditated war, which is unlikely, but a war caused by miscalculation and human error, which is an ever-present danger in a world armed with thermonuclear weapons. In determining whether or not to undertake flights across the territory of the U.S.S.R., any responsible national leader would have to take this point into account. Perhaps in the end the decision would be to take a calculated risk and make the flight. But the really disturbing thing about the present affair is the fear that such factors were not weighed by our elected national leaders simply because they were not aware of what was going on.

A SLANT ON HOUSING

THE Administration appears to be sticking to its guns in giving budgetary considerations high priority. President Eisenhower has expressed opposition to increased spending for social purposes on the grounds that it would cut seriously into funds required for vital foreign aid—the assumption being that in any case only so many billions are available. The overweening fear is that overall expenditures larger than the total contemplated for each of the next two fiscal years would throw this year's tenuous balance into the red and take a big slice out of the next year's handsome estimate for a budgetary surplus. Since foreign aid expenditures are rightly held to be essential, the Administration maintains that the budget dictates no appreciable increase in domestic expenditures.

For their part the Democrats have chosen to challenge the President, this election year, on three major domestic issues on which substantial appropriations would be needed. One of these has to do with medical assistance to the aged, a subject which Edward T. Chase discusses elsewhere in this issue. The second is the distressed areas bill, calling for a quarter billion dollars for technical assistance and loans to local industry in those areas in this country where chronic unemployment of serious proportions continues. Finally, there is the Rains Bill, which would authorize the Federal Government to buy up a billion dollars worth of private mortgages on houses costing up to $13,500.

The majorities by which the latter two bills passed the House clearly show that their supporters in Congress will not be nearly numerous enough to override a Presidential veto. Adopted by a Democratic Congress and rejected through a Presidential veto, these two measures could serve as leading issues in the 1960 campaign, despite the fact that the support given the White House on these two issues by many Southern Democrats in House and Senate would tend to reduce their partisan appeal.

A letter in a recent issue of the London *Economist* throws much light on basic elements in the present national housing picture, aside from the presumed political effects of supporting or opposing substantial housing legislation. The rejoinder comes from Roy J. Burroughs of the Housing and Home Finance Agency in Washington. It takes issue with the conclusion in the *Economist* that, because new houses are too costly for Americans with incomes below the national average, there are great numbers here deprived of adequate shelter for themselves

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and their families. He declares that less prosperous Americans move into older homes.

Some of the statistics cited by Mr. Burroughs are very revealing. He says that during the first quarter of this year some 7.2 per cent of the rental units throughout the country were vacant and 1.1 per cent of the nation's homeowner units were for sale. He believes that this degree of availability makes it possible for one out of five American families to move every year.

To indicate that housing needs are being met by the present pace of around a million new "starts" a year, Mr. Burroughs declares that each year from seven to nine new family units per thousand population go under construction. Perhaps this would be a viable rate if it were to provide simply for the annual growth of population and the number of new American family units which are established each year. But this rate is operating in a situation where there is a chronic national housing shortage to begin with. Accordingly home building in the United States at the current pace simply means that this vital shortage will be protracted indefinitely.

Other comments in the Burroughs letter supply glimpses into the line of thinking of many in the Administration on this matter of general concern. "*Mere* absence of running hot water or of a private bath for each family (italics ours) throws a dwelling unit into a lower category for our purposes. . . ." Slum clearance may be painfully slow in America but over three-fifths of our families own their own homes and nine out of ten have television. And "with houses slated for obsolescence this decade unless they are equipped with air-conditioning, this is on the whole a pleasant place in which to live." We would only ask: With how many exceptions?

DEATH IN CALIFORNIA

CARYL CHESSMAN is dead, and the emotions stirred by his twelve-year fight for life have already begun to subside. Before long, we may assume, other nations will refer to Americans once again as something other than "barbarians" or "monsters." Before long those who pleaded for him and those who demanded his life will be able once again to discuss the question of capital punishment in a calmer, less emotional atmosphere. We hope so, for if any good is to come from this man's death it will be a wiser, more humane, more Christian approach to the issue of capital punishment.

The reaction to Chessman's execution, here in the United Sates more than abroad, leads one to think that reconsideration of the death penalty, in more and more states, has been made more likely. And with this reconsideration, we are confident, will come slowly but steadily the rejection of a practice which is socially dubious and morally repugnant.

Of course, this will not matter to Caryl Chessman. Of all the arguments against capital punishment, that is the most potent. Whatever we learn, whatever we come to feel and believe, once we have taken a life we cannot change our minds.

DEFENSE AGAINST THE BOMBS

THE NATION'S sixth annual civil defense drill has been held; a number of citizens have made their annual protests against the nuclear policies which call for such drills; a number of citizens are now in jail or paroled while they wait to be sentenced for the crime of civil disobedience.

This seems to be the same pattern of events which has unfolded every spring for the past six years. But it is not the same pattern. For one thing, Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy of the Catholic Worker were not arrested this year, although they defied the law, as they have every year, by remaining in New York's City Hall Park and refusing to take shelter. The reason for their non-arrest explains further the changes in this year's situation.

Dorothy Day and the other "regulars" were not arrested this year because they were part of a group which was simply too large for the police to take in. The group which assembled in City Hall Park to protest against a nuclear policy they believe to be mad and immoral amounted to well over five hundred persons, not the lonely little band of six or three or two years ago.

Elsewhere in the city similar demonstrations took place, with hundreds of students at various city campuses refusing to participate in the drill and college authorities able to make only token attempts at disciplinary action. Outside New York, according to the newspapers, protests were staged in a number of towns and villages in the Greater New York area and in cities and towns here and there across the country. Some of the demonstrators were members of various organizations, but many were not, and spoke and acted only as individuals whose consciences led them to protest.

It is significant, for example, that in one small

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town thirty or forty miles from New York a local Protestant clergyman, his wife and several other long-time residents were arrested and jailed under the State Defense Emergency Act. As a local newspaper noted, these were not eccentrics, not controversialists. They were well-known, hard-working, ordinary townspeople, and their moral protest against the very notion of H-bomb warfare has deeply troubled the consciences of their neighbors.

All this adds up, we think, to a moral climate attending this question which is discernibly different from the one that prevailed a few short years ago. As readers of The Commonweal are well aware, we ourselves are not pacifists, but we have grown more and more concerned over our government's increasing reliance on thermonuclear weapons, more and more troubled over the ethical imperatives for the Christian conscience, more and more convinced that dependence on "massive retaliation" is morally and militarily disastrous. What is more, these feelings have been shared by millions of people, in this country and abroad, who are like us not pacifists but have come to believe that the only real defense against the hell-bombs is peace.

This is what a few, like Dorothy Day, have been insisting all along. Today, we think, most of the world has come to believe it, too—including those who continue to take part in Civil Defense air raid drills, including our friends and allies abroad, including our "enemies" the Russian Communists. With all the difficulties and dangers which are involved, therefore, and not forgetting that the Communist aim is to "bury the West" by one means if not another, we must dedicate ourselves to the hard work of peace, to finding a way out of the nuclear trap we have built for ourselves.

This means nuclear treaties, nuclear controls, nuclear disarmament. As the recent Civil Defense drill made clearer than ever, it does not mean the elaborately ritualized make-believe of pre-nuclear shelter and survival. The fact that Dorothy Day is not in jail today—and so many others are—may be, then, an omen of hope for peace, the world's only protection against the holocaust.

VINOBA'S NEXT STEP

THOSE WHO insist on contrasting the asceticism and spirituality of the impoverished East with the materialism of the comparatively prosperous West—and specifically with that of Western Europe and the United States—find a convincing argument in the veneration which a country such an India has for its "holy men." One of the most renowned of these in recent years has been Acharya Vinoba Bhave, a disciple of the late Mahatma Gandhi. Vinobaji, as he is affectionately known among his fellow-countrymen, has until recently been walking the length and breadth of his vast country in quest of donations for the landless. He has proved to be so persuasive on this mission that all told in the past few years he has obtained some eighteen million acres.

Now at sixty-four Acharya Vinoba Bhave is to embark on a different campaign of peace. He is about to go off into the hills and ravines of the Chambai Valley which are infested by hundreds of desperate outlaws. Just as his mere presence has won over hundreds of wealthy landowners to the point of giving over many acres of their valuable lands, so Vinobaji fully expects to convince many of these "dacoit" desperadoes to abandon their lives of plundering and violence. Already, the mere possibility of his coming has led many of them to say that they are ready to surrender to him.

This is reported to be so even though Vinoba is unable to promise leniency on the part of the Indian law-enforcement officials, even though many of these "dacoits" will be charged with murder, arson and other major crimes. The best that he can offer them as far as the law is concerned is a fair hearing. Vinoba appears to have no fear for his person as he ventures on his new mission among these desperate men, nor do the people of India have any real concern that the outlaws might harm him. The effectiveness of an approach like this clearly provides a challenge to the Christian peoples of the West.

DEMOCRATIC PROGRESS NOTE

IN AN all too troubled world, the adoption by other peoples of the American Way of Life should, we suppose, fill us with pride and satisfaction. The fact that the sun never sets on Coca-Cola can doubtless be hailed, if one is properly patriotic, as proof of the rightness of things in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. And by these standards the ultimate ratification of the dream of the Founding Fathers must be the news that Emperor Hirohito's youngest daughter—"symbol of the new Japan," according to the Associated Press—has recently become a Tokyo disk jockey. This, we suppose, should make our American cup run over; somehow it only makes us feel depressed.

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Medical Aid for the Aged

The Government has to rescue those who have no hope of paying for private medical coverage

by EDWARD T. CHASE

THE OTHER day a letter to the editor appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* from a doctor stating that "medicine is apparently doomed to be the first major professional area in our country to be Federalized. (We must not say socialized because it offends politicians.)" One could quarrel with the doctor's choice of words. However, the general point of his comment goes to the heart of the tremendous public debate that is beginning to assume a vital role in this election year.

The debate has taken its departure from the so-called Forand bill, H.R. 4700, to provide those over sixty-five who are eligible for Social Security benefits with a modest degree of government-financed hospital, nursing and surgical care. The Forand bill debate is described by such important publications as the New York *Times* and *Life* magazine as the number one domestic issue of 1960.

The American Medical Association, the insurance industry, the National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce don't think the aged are so entitled. Organized labor and an array of professional welfare workers, associations, sociologists, and consumer groups feel strongly that the aged are entitled to aid.

As for Congress, with the exception of its conservative leaders, the Democrats by and large are for the Forand bill (named after its sponsor, Rhode Island's Democratic Congressman, Aime J. Forand), while the Republicans are against it. The Administration also is against the bill. Yet under the tremendous pressure by the public (and by Presidential aspirant Richard Nixon) for some action on this front, it has offered to devise a counter program that will provide some limited degree of Federal financial aid for the aged ill on a "voluntary" basis.

It is a matter of no small importance that a conservative, big business-oriented Republican Administration has agreed with its traditional opponents that Federal aid for the ageds' medical care is a necessary step. As the *Wall Street Journal* editorialized, such a measure as H.E.W. Secretary Flemming proposes "holds a profound and complex change in the relationship between the citizens and their government."

WHAT THE Administration plan amounts to is a program for advancing Federal Funds up to an estimated $600,000,000 to the states (who must match the grants roughly on a 50-50 basis) so as to enable them to administer a catastrophe-type health insurance program operated by private insurance companies. It is hard to escape the conclusion that the plan is strictly a political gesture, reluctantly taken to ease the politically untenable situation into which sheer negativism had placed the Party. As a catastrophe-type insurance plan, the program is limited to those aged with income under $2,500 who elect to participate by paying a $24 annual fee. The first $250 of medical costs is on the patient. After that, the government pays eighty per cent of the cost, and a comprehensive list of medical services ranging from hospitalization to dental care is established as meriting payment. An alternative plan, for those over 65 who do not like the state-run plan, calls for government payment of half the cost, up to $60, of a standard private "major medical" insurance policy.

Since everyone from the A.M.A. to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and in between (e.g., Governor Rockefeller for one) has denounced the plan for various conflicting reasons, it has no chance of going anywhere. Even if by a miracle it should go through Congress, it requires approval by each of the fifty state legislatures. What the President seems to mean in his point about the "voluntary" approach to aid is that his Administration is against the Forand Bill and other Democratic proposals that utilize the mechanism of the Social Security

Mr. Chase writes frequently on cultural and social questions for this and other magazines.

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system in a medical aid program since this system, of course, is sustained by a mandatory tax on employees and employers. President Eisenhower has construed use of Social Security to mean "socialized medicine" because in some inexplicable fashion tax-derived funds equate to "socialized medicine" in his mind. This is one of the truly befuddling terms of our time but one the President has used on a number of occasions. It seems a pity that there is not greater understanding in the White House and elsewhere in the Capitol generally that the most business-like way to fund a medical care program for the aged is to see to it that each of us puts away a regular amount throughout our working lifetime. Of course this has to be compulsory and it has to be done on a population-wide basis and that is why the Social Security law is the logical, expeditious, cheapest way to handle the matter. Governor Rockefeller seems to be the only Republican leader to acknowledge this fact to date.

The Administration's insurance plan to all intents and purposes is a dead duck right now. However, the Forand bill is not the only one under consideration. Presidential candidates Kennedy and Humphrey have introduced their own Forand-type bills in the Senate and so have Senator Morse and Senator Javits. Senator Patrick McNamara is readying a new bill at this writing. Senator Symington is on record as supporting Forand. Senator Lyndon Johnson has remained pretty vague on the point. He and fellow Texan, Speaker Rayburn, rather hope to persuade the conservative-dominated House Ways and Means Committee, which has bottled up the Forand bill, to report out some kind of bill.

What this adds up to is the fact that there are a number of pending measures to provide Federal aid for the medical care of the aged and that the debate over these measures is going to continue, probably to reach a crescendo in Congress this month and in June. Whatever happens in Congress, the debate will go on between the two parties and between the contending Presidential candidates up to election time and probably for many years to come.

Quite apart from the pressures of an election year, it is not difficult to surmise why the furor over the Forand bill has come about. The pressures are economic and demographic in origin and they are powerful. In the decade ending in 1958, medical costs doubled. Hospital costs particularly have risen alarmingly, about five per cent each year. The hospital has become the center of medical treatment for all, and of paramount importance to the elderly, whose chronic ills lead to long confinements. Drugs and all the paraphernalia of medicine have also risen rapidly in cost in the post war period, twice as rapidly as all other basic items in the consumer budget. Doctors' fees, let it be noted, have not risen commensurately, and the general inflation in medicine cannot be laid to doctors' charges alone or even predominantly. But the technology of modern scientific medicine, embracing as it does fantastically abstruse and complicated materials and techniques, is inevitably very expensive. And of course it is saving lives and is pushing back the average age when men die.

HERE enters the second factor in the situation. A controlled death rate has resulted in a large, growing population of the elderly at a time when not only are medical costs skyrocketing but our automated industrial production machine and our dwindling numbers of family farms no longer have a place for the worker over sixty-five. So he cannot earn money, and Social Security provides him barely a subsistence for life's necessities. We now have sixteen million in this sixty-five or over category and it is the most rapidly growing of all age groups.

Nearly all have extremely limited incomes, with seventy-four per cent of those over sixty-five having incomes of less than $1,000 annually, according to the New York *Times,* and only some fifteen per cent with incomes over $2,000. Naturally only a minority, estimated by the government at forty per cent, can undertake to pay for any degree of health insurance. One cannot blame the private insurance industry, which is another business, after all, for failing to cover these impoverished older citizens. They can't make a profit on them or even contain the insurance losses caused by them.

But one can question the intellectual honesty of the spokesmen of that industry and of organized medicine (individual doctors and insurance executives speak a different line) in their traditional pretension that there is no real problem; that most of the elderly are soon going to be covered by private health insurance; that anyone who needs medical care gets it anyhow (no matter just how); and that any attempt to redress this problem of the aged ill through use of public funds will, in some mystic way, "destroy the doctor-patient relationship," and plummet us into some kind of (unspecified) totalitarian, collective welfare state presumably like Russia, or anyhow England, which is impossible enough. These are the shopworn clichés that have been preached by the A.M.A. and its business cohorts for a quarter of a century.

The reality is that a major illness now constitutes the biggest economic threat that can face a family and an event that, in the case of the elderly, almost invariably spells financial catastrophe. Furthermore, as we have seen, conditions are such that a vast number of these older people are unlikely ever to afford private health insurance. And without it they have in countless instances had to deny themselves needed care.

If we are not, then, to abandon these growing numbers of the aged to inadequate or no medical care,

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or to terrible humiliations involving the pauper's oath to qualify for public assistance, what are we expected to do? The private profit system in which both insurance and medicine largely operate in this country no longer is accommodating this situation, if it ever did. Where are we to turn? Official organized medicine and insurance never tell us in positive specifics. Instead, the burden of their message sidesteps the central question and focuses on the evils of government bureaucracy in medicine and business.

We can return logically now to the plaintive assertion of the doctor who laments in the *Wall Street Journal* that medicine is doomed to be the first major profession to be "Federalized." While the horrors of totalitarianism and the "destruction of the doctor-patient relationship" that are supposed to result from this transformation in medicine's status are unproven, to say the least, nonetheless the likelihood is overwhelming, as the doctor suggests, that the government is indeed about to intrude in medical practice in a way that it has not in the past, a new kind of intrusion that has not hitherto occurred despite the appreciable degree to which government funds have for many years now been used to fortify various aspects of medicine. (Chief examples: medical research and education; veterans' care; care of the armed forces and their dependents; public assistance for the indigent; T.B. and mental care hospitals.)

The doctor is puzzled by the disturbing fact that it is the noble profession of medicine, of all professions, that must suffer this historic indignity. As the A.M.A. undoubtedly has impressed upon him, once Federal funds are used to pay doctors' services, it follows that the government is responsible for seeing to it that such funds are not abused. This means a degree of governmental surveillance of fees and charges, precisely the kind of government intervention that the medical profession abhors the most. For the political spokesmen of American medicine have always gone out of their way to emphasize that medicine is just like any other private business, with a time-honored right to charge what the traffic will bear.

THE DILEMMA that is being touched upon here was aired thousands of years ago by Plato in his dialogue querying, "Is the physician a healer of the sick or a maker of money?" Though the nod in that instance was given to the healer theory, somehow the question has never been resolved by the spokesmen of organized medicine in a manner to settle the issue decisively. Indeed, in the United States, what is implicit in our structure of medicine is that the doctor cannot realize his highest potential as a healer *unless* simultaneously he is unhindered in his efforts to turn a profit while so performing. The fact that our medicine (though not our population's health) is probably unsurpassed by any other nation's in the world indicates that this has not been a bad idea. Nevertheless, despite the truly astonishing triumphs of American medicine and the selfless devotions of most of its practitioners, our medical system is under mounting critical fire and is changing its organizational framework swiftly year after year.

It is necessary to understand that what is happening in medicine is happening in a number of other basic areas in our national life, in transportation, in housing, in urban rehabilitation, in our welfare services. The profit system is proving to be increasingly inadequate in all these important sectors. Fifty or twenty-five or even ten years ago discussion of such changes in our economic structure took its departure from theoretical considerations of the relative effectiveness of socialism, on the one hand, and free enterprise on the other. Politicians today still find it expedient to try to press the discussion into these anachronistic terms. Yet even in welfare-state England, we are witnessing—in the case of the profound ideological debate within the Labor party precipitated by leader Hugh Gaitskell's plea for a revision of the party's unqualified stand for nationalization of production—the fact that consideration of the proper place of private enterprise and government enterprise or a partnership of both cannot be usefully discussed within the narrow clichés of the past.

A MORE esoteric but very pertinent example of this trend is offered by the insurance industry. In the case of atomic energy, it is necessary that liability insurance be provided for protection of industrial and research organizations using nuclear reactors and other nuclear materials in case of a serious accident which might devastate a large area of a community. The insurance industry wisely realized it could not provide all the necessary funds on an actuarially funded basis. So it organized an industry-wide pool, able to produce sixty million dollars, with the government coming into partnership to make available two billion dollars more to cover the worst possible contingency. No one hears complaints of "government interference," "subsidy," or "socialism." The industry reserves these terms for the Forand bill since in the area of health insurance it still feels it can reserve this domain for itself and turn a profit—so long as it isn't forced to take care of the aged. And of course if anyone is upset about "subsidy," ponder the extent to which the Federal government has had to sustain our agricultural economy in the face of a technological revolution in farming that has thrown the balance of supply and demand quite out of balance.

Meanwhile, the most searching critics of the American scene have been scoring us for allowing the proportion of national resources on a per capita basis that is devoted to private wants (tail-fin cars is the

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most popular symbol) assume an ever larger role *vis à vis* the resources devoted to public needs. The widening discrepancy between private exploitation of our resources and the percentage channelled into public services is found to occur because the nature of necessary public services is such that one cannot turn a profit from them. The intellectual decries the fact that giving precedence to private gain in our highly specialized, intricate culture, in which the degree of interdependence of all our institutions is so marked, leads to a neglect of vital needs.

Against this background take a look at American medicine. The case of the elderly points up the situation graphically. The evidence is overwhelming that neither medicine nor the insurance industry can make a profit or even break even on them. The government has to come to the rescue, at least to a defined degree, namely for the hard core of the elderly who have no hope of paying for private coverage. The truth is that the Forand debate is reducible to a very simple question: can the private insurance industry devise means to cover these people? So far they are covering only about forty per cent of them with varying degrees of adequacy, according to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and the likelihood of their covering many more of them in the next decade is not encouraging.

Medical care can well be said to fall in line after food, clothing, and shelter as one of the four material necessities of modern life. It is not a frivolity to be dispensed with, like high-tail-finned cars. The fact that science is rendering it ever more expensive and difficult to acquire does not alter the principle.

IT IS puzzling to many observers to see in what an uncooperative spirit, and how foolishly, organized medicine has responded to the changes we have been sketching here. One cannot readily find another professional group so addicted to cliché, to romantic evasions, to ignorant provincialisms and stubborn refusals to admit the need to adjust to the realities of a changing world. However, when one scrutinizes the climate in which the doctor lives, several reasons can be advanced to explain this behavior, a behavior that has made the A.M.A. disrespected as self-seeking and obstructionist and has scoured the over-all relationship of the profession with much of the public and has alienated it from organized labor.

First, the doctor is in a position of enormous power, authority and prestige, a condition which few human beings can take in stride. Remember, the doctor deals with the individual when he is disabled, a patient. And illness and injury are socially acceptable reasons for surrendering one's responsibilities, for becoming dependent, for regressing, as it were, to a childlike status. The doctor is a species of omnipotent father who ministers to us at terribly anxious times. Small wonder that he experiences a sense of dominance that brooks no interference.

Combine this basic situation with the fact that while medicine is a science, medical practice is in large part an art, calling upon mysterious and wonderful talents that vary from doctor to doctor, talents which each doctor is naturally proud of and cherishes. He enjoys the prestige of being both of science and art, a scientist implementing his procedures with individual genius.

Furthermore, the area in which the doctor works is one of transcendent importance, matters of life and death. This very fact exerts an immense pressure upon us to give ourselves over to the doctor, to accord him unquestioned authority.

On top of this, the doctor is acutely conscious of the fact that he has had to sacrifice years of hard work and relative poverty before he can enjoy the fruits of his work. He accordingly is not disposed to have the period when he comes into his own as a qualified private practitioner beset with bureaucratic regulations that might conceivably interfere in his winning the traditional monetary and status rewards.

It should be borne in mind, too, that the doctor is trained not in politics, sociology, economics or the humanistic disciplines concerned with value judgments, but in scientific subjects. And the doctor is a harassed and busy professional from the start, with little opportunity to study outside of his field. Thus he is only too glad to turn policy matters of his profession over to the political doctors who constitute the active leadership of organized medicine, those who dominate the county medical societies and the A.M.A.

Given this set of circumstances, the lamentable political antics of the A.M.A. over recent years are not altogether inexplicable. Organized medicine is supported by major groups in business, notably the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, who are similarly addicted to the notion that the profit motive is a dynamic force singlehandedly capable of solving all the dilemmas of the mid-twentieth century. But an ever larger portion of the medical profession is not being so deceived. The younger physicians and those in research and in teaching will not be bound by the past. They know they must prepare for a rapidly changing future. Government aid, group practice, salaried practice, and fee schedules do not dismay them. Increasingly, we will see them bring to bear upon their social and political and economic problems something of the scientific rigor with which they inform their medical diagnoses. The reason for this is that a great profession, calling upon the highest resources of the human mind and coping with matters of cardinal concern to us all, is bound to adjust itself in a rational way to the social evolution from which none of us can escape.

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Changes in Protestantism

by GREGORY BAUM

THERE are clear signs in American Catholic publications that the Catholic attitude towards Protestantism is undergoing a change. We read more sympathetic accounts of Protestant writings, and we are told about Protestant teachings in a more understanding way. But what does this change signify? Is it merely a more moderate and more friendly way of speaking, or does it reflect a deeper change in the whole approach? Is the new attitude simply the result of greater charity, or does it register at the same time an evolution of thought?

To answer this question we must first look at the kind of Protestantism we encountered in the nineteenth and twentieth century, nearly up to our own generation. On this continent there were two principal groups: liberals and fundamentalists. The liberals followed the rationalistic criticism of Holy Scripture coming to them from the German scholars of the nineteenth century. They looked upon the New Testatment as a combination of authentic historical records and popular legends created by the early Christian communities, and their endeavor was to distill from this mixture a true picture of the historical Jesus. Discarding, in the name of science, the supernatural, these men were hunting for the pure religion of the spirit initiated by the good and holy man Jesus. Coupled with the humanistic optimism of the nineteenth century, this attitude produced the belief that by following the footsteps of Jesus we, his disciples, can transform the world in accordance with the Gospels. In such a context, the traditional doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Redemption had become meaningless.

The other Protestant trend which we had to face in the past was fundamentalism. The fundamentalist Christians reacted against the new science of Scripture contrary to the liberals. They rejected it. They clung to the letter of Scripture, trusting the Spirit to reveal to them its true meaning. In actual fact, however, they read Scripture invariably in the light of their own sectarian heritage. They looked upon Jesus as the Redeemer saving individual men from a world destined to destruction. Believing in Jesus therefore implied separating oneself from human culture and progress, from science and scholarship, from church and theology. Apart from this voluntary blindness to reason and common sense, there was much more religion in the fundamentalists than in the liberals, even though their religion often tended to degenerate into feeling and enthusiasm.

What was the Catholic reaction to these two trends in Protestantism? We can easily assess it from the books and pamphlets published during that long period. In fact, we all know what this Catholic attitude towards Protestantism was: we were brought up in it, even if we never analyzed it. First of all, we identified Protestantism as such with the kind of Protestant religion we encountered, not realizing sufficiently that both liberals and fundamentalists were far removed from Luther, Calvin, and the classical Protestant tradition. Of liberalism it is true to say that, on most issues, it had made a hundred and eighty-degree turn from the original position of the reformers. The one great link with the Protestant past was supposed to be the principle of private interpretation of Scripture; yet even this was never a Protestant principle, at least not in the form it took in the nineteenth century.

HOW did we react against these liberals? How did we devise our arguments and our apologetics? We used to begin with the Bible regarded simply as an historical record, trying to show that Jesus, the man Jesus, claimed to be of divine origin and that He proved His claims by prophecy and miracles. Then we showed that He founded a Church, a community of believers on the rock of the apostles, endowed with certain notes or visible properties. The Church with these properties can still be found today: it is the Catholic Church. This, in brief, was our approach. Against the liberal rejection of the supernatural, we asserted that God was free to communicate His friendship to men, and that this happened in the events recorded in the Scriptures pointing, as they do, not only to Jesus, the Divine Redeemer, but also to the Church, one and universal, to whom this message has been entrusted.

Our neat proofs presented our faith as the religion of common sense. It was all so simple, so logical, you could, almost, prove it. Surrounded by Protestants whose liberalism was destroying faith in Christ and allegiance to His moral ideals, we looked upon the

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Church as the one haven of spirituality in a society wholly given over to secularism. Since there was no spirit, no profound inspiration in the Protestantism we encountered, we came to look upon it as a dying religion. It was a movement on the way out. Occasionally we made fun of it. Just read Chesterton again. Protestantism might still have influence because many people were sentimentally attached to it, but theologically and biblically it had no leg to stand on. There was, on this continent, never any fear of the Protestant vision of the Gospel as a religious force. We may have been afraid that a free liberal Protestant morality might be a temptation for Catholics and weaken their loyalty to the Church, but we never feared Protestant thought. The joke was often told of a man who, having fallen away from the Catholic Church, was asked whether he was now a Protestant; he gave as an answer that he had lost his faith, it is true, but that he had not lost his reason.

In our generation, however, much has happened within Protestantism. The Protestantism we were used to is no longer the religion of the influential men in the Protestant Churches, nor that which is expressed in their leading publications, nor that which is being taught at their theological schools, nor that which produced the drive of the Ecumenical Movement. The old liberalism is still rampant, especially in the United States; but it seems that it is about to be replaced by a different spirit.

It is not untrue to speak of a renaissance of Protestant thought in our generation. Yet the Protestant revival of theology and faith is so varied and exists in so many different schools that it is not easy to find a common denominator when speaking about it. We shall venture one generalization, which seems to us of great significance. Liberal Protestantism was interested in the historical Jesus, in the man Jesus who walked the earth during thirty-odd years. Their endeavor was to discover this man in the Scriptures.

This attitude has radically changed. Today Protestants read the Bible differently. The Scriptures are not looked upon as historical records which contain some authentic material and some legendary elements added by the early communities; they are regarded as, principally and essentially, the proclamation of the faith of the early Church. They are not sources from which we are asked to construct a picture of the historical Jesus; they are the annunciation of redemption, wrought by God in His Son Jesus Christ. Not the Jesus *Who preached* is the center of Scripture, but the Jesus *Who is preached,* that is the crucified and risen Christ of the apostolic proclamation. There is, therefore, within Protestantism a complete shift of attention from the time of Jesus (his earthly life) to the time of the apostolic Church. What the New Testament tells us is immediately and directly the faith of the early community, and it is this experience, and the communication of this experience, that we call Christian faith.

THE importance of this shift cannot be exaggerated. Through it, everything appears in a new light. The words and deeds of Jesus, conceived as the expression of the apostolic faith, announce the power of the Lord within the Church of the apostles. What is important, first of all, is not whether Jesus really said this or that, or really did this or that; what counts is that through the biblical witness the early Church proclaimed its faith in the saving power of Christ. For instance: what is essential is not whether Jesus really healed the blind man, but that in this miracle the early Church believed, and proclaimed, that Jesus now heals the blind eyes of men through faith. The New Testament announces the activity of the glorified Christ in the Church, rather than simply the past deeds of Jesus on earth.

We find ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. The things we used to prove to Protestants by apologetical arguments now have become firsts which they accept spontaneously. The Church is the center from which all Christian faith begins. It is there, in the apostolic community, that Christ is experienced, that he redeems, that he is proclaimed. Christianity is the continuation of this *kerygma.* Church and tradition suddenly become quite important to Protestant theology (a thing witnessed by the multitude of publications on the matter), because it is only there that the acting Christ is found. This, of course, does not mean that Protestants think about Church and tradition as we do.

This new way of looking at the Bible has introduced Protestant thought into an area which is much closer to Catholic thinking. Yet, at the same time, our traditional apologetic arguments have become somewhat irrelevant. Surrounded by men denying the supernatural and insisting exclusively on the history of the man Jesus, our apologetics supplied sober and impressive proofs that God existed, that He spoke into the world of men, and that His voice is audible in the tradition of the Catholic Church. But surrounded by Protestants who accept as the first element the redemption of men in the crucified and risen Christ as announced by the apostolic Church, our apologetical arguments suddenly look rather empty and even somewhat rationalistic. We have treated as pure history what was actually intended to be part of the good news.

It is not surprising therefore that the change in Protestant thought is having an influence on our own presentation and defense of the Catholic faith. Many authors today no longer attempt to prove to the greatest extent possible the presuppositions of faith (the

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existence of God, the possibility of revelation, the historicity of Jesus' words, . . .), nor will they use scriptural passages removed from their context as proofs of the Catholic position. They will rather turn immediately to the scriptural testimony considered in the context and the spirit in which it is found. The New Testament is the proclamation of the faith of the apostolic Church—with this we wholeheartedly agree —and it is this faith which the Catholic Church has proclaimed to this day. It is only after we hear, and believe, the message of salvation that we discover its rational relationship to human knowledge as a whole, to science and history.

Thus, following this new approach, in many recent presentations of the Catholic faith the proclamation of the Gospel *precedes* any apologetical considerations. This change, which may appear insignificant when summarized in a few sentences, nevertheless alters the character and flavor of Catholic theological literature. It removes the slightly rationalistic trend of the older approach which created the impression that a man could argue himself into faith, and it imbues the whole of the Catholic teaching with an authentic biblical atmosphere. It is then that Catholic doctrine appears again, clearly and convincingly, as the *kerygma* of the apostolic Church. A strong undercurrent of this kind of thinking can be found, for example, in the new catechism, *Life in Christ,* by Killgallon and Weber.

The shift of attention that has taken place in Protestant thought, from the time of Jesus to the time of the apostolic Church, should not mislead us into thinking that there is now great uniformity of thought in Protestantism. Granted this shift, there seems to be room for many different schools. The variety of opinions concerns the way in which the faith of the apostolic Church is related to the time which preceded it, the life of Jesus, and to the time which followed it, the tradition of the later Church. One of the most radical views, and a very influential one, is that of Bultmann, who claims that the history of Jesus is quite irrelevant to the Christ as proclaimed by the apostles. The faith of the apostolic Church is meaningful and offers salvation, even if Jesus had never lived! Yet in spite of such extravagant tendencies, the research into the meaning of Scripture and the content of the apostolic proclamation makes Protestant and Catholic scholars move along parallel lines. They use our books, and we use theirs. Despite the great difference in the final evaluation, there is today a good deal of understanding between Protestant and Catholic theologians and a large area where meaningful conversation is possible.

Here is a significant example of the change that has taken place. When, in the past, Protestant authors spoke of Christians attempting to imitate the primitive Church, they always referred to sectarian groups, to a simple, moral, non-sacramental Christianity, hostile to human culture. In the Protestant literature of our own day, however, speaking of groups returning to the life of the primitive Church usually refers to a High Church movement.

This is the answer to the question so many are asking: does the changed Catholic attitude towards Protestantism indicate anything more significant than a friendlier way of talking? The change reflects much more than an increase of tolerance; it is rather a consequence of the change that has taken place within Protestantism, change which, on the one hand, leads Protestant theology closer to the tradition of the Church and, on the other, offers, by its profundity, a true challenge to Catholic theology.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS

Canada's T.V. Problems

by JOHN W. MOLE

THE SERIOUS misgivings that have lately been voiced about U.S. television have special significance for Canadians. "The central fact about Canadian broadcasting," in the words of a Royal Commission headed by businessman R. M. Fowler, "is that we are in North America a nation of sixteen million people living beside a nation of some one hundred sixty-eight million which speaks the language of our majority and is rich, inventive, with a highly developed broadcasting system of its own. No other country is similarly helped and embarrassed by the close proximity of the United States."

Nearly half of Canada's 4,300,000 T.V. sets are within range of U.S. transmitters whose broadcasts begin in the early morning, six to nine hours before Canadian stations come to life. The density and buying

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power of American audiences are such as to allow the U.S. television industry to command all the talent, skill and technical resources it can use. In New York each of the seven T.V. stations reaches more receivers than exist in the whole of Canada.

Moreover, Canada, whose population is spread thinly over an even larger area than the United States, must provide separate stations and networks for its twelve and a half million English-speaking and its five and a half million French-speaking citizens, as both these groups have a constitutional right for public services to be rendered in their mother tongue anywhere in Canada. In short, in establishing a television service covering most of their occupied territory, Canadians have had to act in defiance of their ethnic, geographical and economical situation.

But although such operational difficulties have been faced with resolution and even genius by the organizers of Canadian television, their efforts are far from being rewarded by a monopoly of the attention of Canadian audiences. In major Canadian cities such as Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Windsor and Vancouver, the average citizen not only spends more than half his viewing time watching broadcasts from nearby U.S. stations but gives his preference to those programs provided by his own Canadian network which are produced in the United States. The Audience Research Bureau of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation reports that the four most popular entertainment series on the Trans-Canada network are all of U.S. origin. The best that the C.B.C. studios can do is to obtain fifth place with "Front Page Challenge," a panel program in a quiz setting.

In the face of this tendency for Canadian television to become a satellite of American broadcasting, the Board of Broadcast Governors is obliging Canadian stations, both publicly and privately owned, to provide a larger proportion of distinctively Canadian content in their programming.

CANADIAN broadcasting enterprise for its part is well-disposed to build up a Canadian character in its programs. It already has a long-standing habit never to be discouraged by lack of men, talent and resources. On the contrary, it has been spurred on by these very limitations, confident that it will eventually succeed in coming into its own. For while Canadian audiences manifest much the same preferences and tastes in their viewing habits as their American neighbors, this does not mean that they are indifferent to the efforts that are being made to win them to a more predominantly Canadian fare.

The hearings of the Fowler Commission revealed a strong feeling latent in the Canadian public about this matter, and which became quite articulate in the open sessions held in thirteen cities. Briefs were received from two hundred seventy-four organizations and individuals. Statements in the Fowler Report—that television has "entered our lives and changed them . . . It is what our receivers do to our minds that matters . . . We and our children must adapt them to our use, must accommodate them to our purposes"—offer a key to public sentiment in Canada.

This was at a time when the American television scene was under the spell of the black magic of the quiz show. In November, 1959, the Board of Broadcast Governors, appointed in Canada as a result of the Fowler Commission's recommendations, issued a code of regulations which must have seemed austere to the U.S. television industry. Canadian television stations, whether publicly or privately owned, were told in plain language that they could not expect to have their licenses renewed if they failed to observe any of a large number of prohibitions.

Canadian stations are henceforth forbidden to broadcast false or misleading news, advertising in excess of seven minutes per hour, and "any contest or program purporting to be a contest, the results of which are known in advance, or are known to have been determined in advance, of such content or program." No advertisement or testimonial for food, drugs or patent medicines can be used without approval of the Department of National Health and Welfare. In some provinces a prohibition of all T.V. advertising of beer or liquor is maintained, while in others brewers and wineries are merely named as sponsors.

Copies of the program logs of all T.V. stations are to be sent for inspection to the Board within seven days of the end of each week. From April 1, 1961, broadcasts are to include at least forty-five per cent of programs having a Canadian character. From April 1, 1962, the minimum of Canadian content is to be raised to fifty-five per cent.

The Board's firm intentions to enforce its regulations have already been made painfully clear to two private television stations. CKWS-TV, Kingston, has been given two years to show evidence of increased local programming of satisfactory quality or forfeit its license. CKLW-TV, Windsor, has had its license, normally renewable for five years, renewed for one year only, during which time it must demonstrate its intention and ability to provide more programs of Canadian content for Windsor viewers and less U.S.-produced programs beamed at neighboring Detroit.

THE NEWS of the Board of Broadcast Governors and its activities provided a major topic of comment and discussion in Canada. Simultaneously, across the border, Mr. Charles Van Doren again became the major T.V. topic. Max Freedman wrote of "a society lusting after false values." *Time* said in a leading article: "Never before has television's 'image'

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been so tarnished in the public mind." The New York *Times* referred to "a shocking state of rottenness within the radio-television world. . . ."

What are the reasons for the striking lack of correspondence in the ways in which television has developed in the two countries which are so physically and so culturally close to one another? It can be argued that the difference lies in the leadership given by the public authorities. On the whole broadcasting has always been treated with the utmost circumspection by Canadian governments and has never been regarded as a political shuttlecock.

But how has American and Canadian leadership become so divergent? Here the basic answer seems to lie in those very circumstances of geography and population, of human and material resources, which have led to U.S. television's superiority in the fields of technology and in standards of production and performance. In a nutshell, Canada has not been able to afford to develop her television industry along American lines. The lack of money to exploit the possibilities of this new industry has meant a lack of temptation to abuse broadcasting privileges. No Canadian television enterprise could even foresee a time when it could pay $130,000 to a performer in a series of rigged quiz programs.

There is also the factor of the continuing influence of British traditions in the evolution of Canadian institutions, even though eighty per cent of Canada's population live within a hundred miles of the United States and undergo the attraction of American ways. In Britain, the publicly-owned B.B.C. sets the standard, with concessions to commercial sponsorship being restricted to the likewise publicly-owned Independent Television Authority. In the United States, networks and stations are privately-owned and financed by advertising sales, excepting of course a few educational television stations. In Canada, eleven publicly-owned and some fifty privately-owned T.V. stations are linked with a publicly-owned network, all accepting advertising. However, a high proportion of Canadian network and station programs bear no advertising, either because they do not attract sponsors or because they are of a nature where sponsorship is considered inappropriate.

Thus, whereas in Britain, because of its population density, and in the United States, because of its great wealth, there has developed a straight choice between public and private ownership, Canada's only real choice has been a combination of the two. And if most of the new T.V. stations which are being licensed this year are privately-owned, this is not because of a change in Canadian thinking. It is simply a development of a long-term plan which had to rely largely on public development in its early years and which has now room for more private enterprise.

THE INTERESTING question for U.S. television today is whether, having started from the opposite end of a wholly private enterprise system, it might now be advantageously supplemented with publicly-owned television. Among the best known proposals of this nature are those made by John Fischer, editor-in-chief of *Harper's* and Walter Lippmann. Mr. Fischer argued, even before the quiz fraud became revealed, that U.S. television was too much in the control of sponsors interested only in the size of audiences and not in the quality of programs. He urged the creation of a "National Broadcasting Authority" free from economic and political pressures and commanding respect by the eminence of its members. The networks would be obliged to hand over some ten or fifteen per cent of their profits to the Board which would produce public service programs and compel each network or station to broadcast one such program a week.

Mr. Lippmann, writing in the wake of the quiz scandal and on the grounds that the U.S. television industry is "misusing a superb scientific achievement . . . is monopolizing the air at the expense of effective news reporting, good art and civilized entertainment," advocated a publicly-owned network "run as a public service with its criterion not what will be most popular but what will be most good."

Such criticisms of U.S. television are cited by Canadians when the Canadian system is attacked. Mr. I. Norman Smith of the Ottawa *Journal* puts it this way: "The critics, forgetting all the good things the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation does, are saying that some of the C.B.C's programs do not have popular appeal. That is what the C.B.C. was built for—to furnish something more than mass popularity. The critics say that sponsors are not paying all the cost—that is also inherent in the C.B.C. . . ."

It is evident that there are crucial problems in the field of television in both the United States and Canada. It is hard to see how American television can fulfill its social function without the introduction of some form of public ownership side by side with, and setting an example to, private enterprise. In Canada, it is to be hoped that the mass audience appeal programs of the private T.V. stations will not force the publicly-owned C.B.C. onto the sidelines. A growing population and expanding economy should result in the gradual raising of the technological levels and standards of Canadian production and performance.

But whether it will give better service to the Canadian people in the future depends considerably on what eventually happens to American television. Gresham's law, as Walter Lippmann points out, operates in television as well as in monetary matters. Bad programming tends to drive the good out of circulation, but the good never drives out the bad unless a conscious effort is made for that purpose.

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A SMALL NEWS ITEM

JUST A FEW years ago many commentators, including me, were saying that relations between Protestants and Catholics in this country had never been worse. Today, one might be justified in saying that they have never been more promising. This may seem to be an odd conclusion to draw at a time when the Presidential primaries have called forth so many bitter statements about Catholicism from Protestant pulpits and when letters-to-the-editor in magazines and newspapers reflect such wide-spread animosity. But perhaps at the level of popular discourse things have to get worse before they can get better. Certainly that is how progress has gone with the intellectual elite who instituted the shaky dialogue we are hearing about.

Back in 1951, at the suggestion of Dr. Claud Nelson, a dear friend of mine who has long been associated with the National Council of Churches, I tried to organize a group of Catholics to meet with a group of Protestants for informal discussions about the issues which were at the heart of the inter-faith controversies then exploding on every side. I had no success. Most of the people I approached echoed an important Monsignor who told me that such meetings would be a waste of time; the two groups had nothing to say to each other. Now such meetings are commonplace.

To be sure, the present dialogue is in a primitive stage. There is still a certain amount of sniffing for questionable motives at every Protestant-Catholic meeting. A certain measure of backsliding is always evident after the participants go home. But we are coming along. Firm friendships have been formed; a common vocabulary is being shaped up; an at-easeness has been reached by some, at least.

Both groups, unfortunately, are still bedeviled by the obstructionists in their own camp. There are still Protestants who tell their coreligionists that they are fools to believe that the Catholics they meet are truly free to speak honestly. There are Catholics, basking in the sunlight of their own certainties, who accent unconditional surrender—and no traffic with the "enemy" until the papers are signed. And there are tender partisans on both sides who resent hearing publicly what others have long been saying behind closed doors. Nevertheless, "ecumenicism" is in the air.

I put "ecumenicism" in quotes because it can not be taken literally, either by Protestants or Catholics, to describe what has been going on. The early unity of all Christian bodies is still beyond any sensible man's wildest expectations. In the first place, Protestant and Catholic do not share the same notion of what the Christian Church is.

For the Protestant, Church unity can only be achieved by a disposition on the part of the Catholic Church to give up its claim to be *the* Church of Christ —in other words, it must become something other than what it presently says it is. The vestige of Catholicism that would remain, were this to come to pass, would look like a contemporary Protestant Church with a Catholic ritual. This of course is out of the question, and knowledgeable Protestants know that such dreams for Christian unity require an impossible surrender, different in kind from that proposed by Catholics but representing utter capitulation nonetheless.

The Catholic, for his part, does not believe the essential unity of the Church has ever really been fractured, though vast numbers of "separated" Christians reject the Church's authority. For the Catholic, the ecumenical Church is a present fact. For him, the tragedy is that there are so many who do not see that the mother Church is not only holy, catholic, apostolic but one. Barring a miracle of grace, there is no way to reconcile theological differences this profound.

But even if there were, the present coming-together of Protestants and Catholics, priests and laymen, could not bring about the unity of the Church. At least from the Catholic side, church unity is a matter for eccelesiastical authority to deal with, not individual Catholics. What individual Catholics and Protestants can do, though, is to heal the breach of charity which has divided Christians who live side by side.

Up to now, the Protestant-Catholic dialogue in the United States has concentrated on the exchange of ideas and beliefs about a common concern—the civil society which belongs to both of them. But a more direct, and much simpler, method of communicating charity, first proposed by the Protestant theologian, Dr. Oscar Cullman, may supplement this precarious dialogue. Dr. Cullman proposed works of mercy, acts of charity, directed by Protestants toward Catholics and by Catholics toward Protestants. A simple application of this technique, if that is not too crude a word to describe an evangelical inspiration, was carried out recently by Protestants at Yale University, who made a special Easter offering for the work of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Their offering, a spokesman for the group said, was that of a concrete expression of "repentance [for bitterness in the past], concern for the welfare of their Roman Catholic brethren, and desire to enter into further expressions of Christian community."

This story was recounted in a small news item, but as headlines about religious tensions pile up in the months ahead, I for one will be pleased to recall it.

JOHN COGLEY.

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OF NOTE

TASK OF THE ARTIST

IN A RECENT issue of the *Catholic Art Quarterly* [53 Ridgewood Rd., Buffalo, N. Y., $5 a year] a message from Cardinal Lercaro, Archbishop of Bologna, discusses "The Christian Artist's Task." The major portion of the text follows:

A luncheon in a dining hall might easily be no more than the satisfaction of a natural need or a more or less conscious awareness of the Fifth Commandment which forbids our destroying ourselves. But it might also be an encounter with God and a revelation of His love. So the matter was understood by the Christians of earliest times. A fully Christian meal came to be a meeting with the Lord made present to our senses. Where charity and love are, there God is in the spirit of the Gospel joining together in fraternal unity those who believe in the Gospel. For this reason it was called Agapé, Love. This was an act, and by this act the spirit of the Gospel was given, as it should be given, a body that can be seen and touched. I say "it should be given" because the Gospel is this: God, who is an invisible and inaccessible spirit, becomes real to our senses in the Gospel. In the Gospel the benignity of God is shown to us in the humanity of Christ.

For this reason the Gospel is a work of art; for this reason every page of the Gospel is a poem; every story, every speech, every sentence is a poem. The Gospel is the most undeviating statement made by the Holy Spirit. No other statements of the reality of Christ have reached, or even approached, the lofty simplicity of the Gospel. The reality of Christ is the making visible to us of the invisible God, and the Gospel is the most direct of all statements of this reality. Thus we can say with Saint John: that our eyes have seen and our ears have heard and our hands have touched God in the Gospel.

Artists, what is your task? It is what the task of the Christian artist has always been; that is to say, it is to be saturated in the Gospel, to feel it deeply, to live it above all else in intensity, in depth, in an impetuous love and generosity so that it may be made known to all men, translated into the languages of all men, first of all in your life and then in your work —in your words if you are artists in words, in your singing if you are artists in song, in your drawing if you are graphic artists. But serve Him, immersed in and penetrated by the Spirit of Christ, who is God made present to man in a visible and tangible manner. Thus, enlivened by His life, bring that life to men through your arts.

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In his encyclical, *Musicae Sacrae Disciplina,* our Holy Father of happy memory, Pius XII, said that the singers, the instrumentalists, and the composers of sacred music, are doing real and true apostolic work. In the same way, your work is that of a true apostolate and is a revelation of Christ and a meeting between Christ and men.

There is a story in the Gospel that is especially for you—the episode of the Transfiguration. Jesus was always God, but there is only one recorded occasion when one of the apostles, the closest to Him, said: "How beautiful it is to be near you, O Lord. It is good for us to be here. If you wish, we will make three tents here, one for you, one for Moses, and one for Elias. We will stay outdoors as long as you remain with us. It is good for us to be here." Jesus had let a small ray of His beauty strike the eyes of Peter, and his heart was lifted with joy. He was oblivious to all earthly things. The other two apostles did not speak, but they shared his thought.

It is this beauty of God that you must in some way or other reveal to men, to men who otherwise might entirely miss it, as Peter, John, and James missed it before that night. The experience of that night so impressed them that, years afterward, St. Peter pointed to it as one of the proofs of our faith and our hopes. It is your duty to show this beauty to people that are forgetful, who care for nothing but the utilitarian aspects of life. What is this divine beauty? Why has God impressed traces of Himself on all created things? To reveal Himself to men so that they may say, "How beautiful it is to be with you a little, O Lord!"

Yes, men do not stay long with God. They scorn to meet God, and they forget Him. They must be shown that God is immensely lovable, and made aware above all of the lovableness of His creatures so that it will be obvious that a day spent in the tent of God is worth more than any thousand others. This is the task of the Christian artist. This is the apostolic work to which you are called.

BOOKS

Three Sides of Space and One of Time

CLEA. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.95.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

WITH *Clea* Lawrence Durrell has completed his four-decker novel whose form is based on the relativity proposition. "Three sides of space and one of time constitute the soup-mix recipe of a continuum. The four novels follow this pattern." Thus *Justine,* the first, is followed by two 'siblings' not sequels, deployed spatially, not linked sequentially. "They interlap, interweave, in a purely spatial relation. Time is stayed. The fourth part alone represents time." His continuum is not Proustian or Joycean but Bergsonian; it embodies not time regained but time delivered. "The curvature of space itself would give you stereoscopic narrative, while human personality seen across a continuum becomes prismatic," he explains in his "scientific" fashion.

The central theme of all four novels is "an investigation of modern love." In this quadrilogy, the first two volumes, *Justine* and *Balthazar,* and the last, *Clea,* are written in the first person by a young writer, Darley. *Mountolive,* the third in the series, and in some ways the most successful, is written in the third person; the "central intelligence" is concentrated on the British diplomat, David Mountolive who is this novel's hero. The author of *The Alexandria Quartet,* as he has named the quadrilogy, insists that all persons are imaginary, only the city is real.

And what a city, that at six a.m. unwrinkles likes an old tortoise and peers about it, "relinquishing the torn rags of the flesh while from some hidden alley by the slaughter-house, above the moans and screams of the cattle, comes the nasal chipping of a Damascus love-song; shrill quartertones, like a sinus being ground to powder." A city of unheeded shrieks "which pierce the hubbub from time to time, as of some small delicately-organized animal being disembowelled. The sores like ponds . . ." the city which at night "looked like a cobweb in which the frost has set a million glittering brilliants," set upon a dead brackish lake, fenced by the sea and by the "silent unjudging wide-eyed desert which stretches away into Africa."

The characters in all four novels are the same: Justine, the nymphomaniac Jewess, and her gentle, civilized Coptic husband, Nessim; his hare-lipped younger brother Narouz, their mother Leila, her English lover David Mountolive, British Ambassador in Cairo; Pursewarden the famous poet, the one man Justine truly loves, and his sister Liza, his one true love, whom Mountolive marries; Melissa, the little dancing girl, faithful to Darley after her fashion, upon whom Nessim fathers a daughter; Scobie, the absurd homosexual who becomes head of the British Secret Service, and is hideously murdered; Pombal, in the French service, who shares his flat with Darley and sometimes with Pursewarden; Amaril and Balthazar, the doctors, and Amaril's girl, the noseless Semira, whose wedding is one of the few wholly innocent and agreeable moments ever experienced in Alexandria.

The writing is brilliantly poetic, polished, epigrammatic and curiously un-English in its stylish showiness. The set-pieces are absolutely superb: Hemingway has never done better than the Hosani duckshoot, in *Justine,* or the fish-drive with

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which *Mountolive* opens, or the ride to the desert when Narouz chooses a white mare; or the great Cervoni ball and the carnival in *Balthazar*. In each of these the action is squeezed tighter and tighter, until it explodes into tragedy—like a colored balloon bursting in a child's tight fingers. There are long monologues with which the characters gratuitously give themselves away, like Santa Claus handing out candy in an orphanage: Scobie's common usage (mostly pornographic or scatological); Justine's sado - masochistic soul - searchings; above all, Pursewarden's philosophico-literary explorations. These are written in strip-tease sentences, so that conversation becomes a carry-all, a very charity, bearing all, believing all, explaining all.

Mr. Durrell is deeply concerned with what Leon Bloy called the "Mystery of Israel." Justine's Jewishness is the most mysterious and profound factor in her otherwise pneumatic personality; Balthazar is also a Jew; Justine's first husband, too, who wrote so understandingly about her. Pursewarden, who speaks for man, praises D. H. Lawrence's death struggles, "seeking to free himself from the manacles of the Old Testament. . . . His struggle is ours—to rescue Jesus from Moses. For a brief moment it looked possible but St. Paul restored the balance, and the iron handcuffs of the Judaic prison closed about the growing soul forever." Again, speaking of Proust, Pursewarden writes "Ah! but being a Jew he had hope—and with Hope comes the irresistible desire to meddle." Justine's complications are explained by her marrying Nessim, not for his money or social position, but because he wishes to defeat the British in Palestine and work for a Jewish state, in order that the Copts, despised by the British, may return to power in Egypt. The Jews mistrust him; his marriage to a Jewess will convince them—and so we are given a subplot of rather implausible secret-societies and gun-running. Yet, this rather unlikely external interest provides the only non-physical awareness in any of the four volumes, and almost the only non-sexual one: Nessim's friendship with Mountolive.

For a book about the country where monotheism began, and whose inhabitants passionately practice it still, the lack of what Auden calls "the positive tropism of the soul to God" is so deliberate as to be obvious. The pseudo-hermetic dabblings of the Cabal, as its members called themselves, are comic; a description of Paracelsus' experiments with *homunculi* is dragged in by means of a letter from the supposedly murdered Capodistria, and Narouz' naïve ecstacies, induced by consulting a wise woman, hardly constitute even minimal doses of man's response to the love that moves the stars.

The few valid injections of *Eidos* are, rightly, Muslim. The muezzin's call several times cuts across the miasmas of stale sheets and the endless repetitions of the most momentary of pleasures, and is magnificently described: "I caught the sweet voice of the blind muezzin from the mosque . . . a voice hanging like a hair in the palm-cooled upper airs of Alexandria. 'I praise the perfection of God, the desired, the Existing, the Single, the Supreme; the Perfection of God, the One, the Sole' . . . the great prayer wound itself in shining coils across the city. . . ." And the account of the *Wird*, the Muslim "night of God," in which the incredibly worldly and grasping Memlik shows an entirely other side of his character, is serious and touching. But the impression le Foucauld and Psichari and so many others had, that in Africa only the Muslims worship God, or even believe in Him, is strongly confirmed in everyone of these four breviaries of the body.

The question remains: what was Mr. Durrell after telling us about ourselves in these enthralling Egyptian days and nights entertainments? Pursewarden and Darley seem to be two facets of the author's prismatic self—the one speculates, the other pontificates, in the same way, almost in the same words, about the same subjects. And this Janus announces such fragments as "There is no Other; there is only oneself facing forever the problem of one's self-discovery." And this—the *tat tuam asi*: that also art Thou, of the Hindus—is at least one of the facets of the truth these heartrendingly beautifully written novels seek to convey. Another gem, uttered this time by Pombal, is that "Life, the raw material, is only lived *in potentia* until the artist deploys it in his work." And certainly Lawrence Durrell's people are prisoned and preserved in his prose like the loveliest of flies in amber.

Indeed, everyone of the characters is seen by so many eyes that he becomes round; and the reader has at least the illusion of perspective so perfect it is a *trompe coeur*. There are moments of flawless truth, as when Mountolive, after long years, at last sees Leila again in an old cab, and cannot recognize anything in her at all, not voice, nor eyes nor mind nor heart.

"Poetic or transcendental knowledge somehow cancels out purely relative knowledge" Darley sees, reading Pursewardens's letters to his sister, and concludes "I saw, in fact, that we artists form one of those pathetic human chains which human beings form to pass buckets of water up to a fire. . . . An uninterrupted chain of human beings born to explore the inward riches of the solitary life on behalf of the unheeding, unforgiving community, manacled together by the same gift." For such insight as for so much else that the reader receives from Mr. Durrell's banquet, may he be truly thankful!

Hermetic Fiction

THE DINNER PARTY. By Claude Mauriac. Translated by Merloyd Lawrence. Braziller. $4.

By RICHARD GILMAN

IF THE author of *The Dinner Party* were named Claude Anything-but-Mauriac, we wouldn't

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have to make any comparisons, except perhaps some of a conventional kind—between whatever else he may have done and this book, for example, or between the novel and those being written by the contemporaries against whom he doubtless really wishes to be judged. To get it over with in a hurry, then: where the father is rural-provincial, theological, obsessed with sin, a story-teller, the son is urban, psychological, obsessed with loneliness, an anti-novelist. And where the elder Mauriac doesn't excite us at all by his language, submerging his materials in the nineteenth-century flow of his narrative, Mauriac *fils* experiments, tinkers, takes verbal risks and achieves some independent beauties by it.

This isn't to say that the son is likely to add a second Nobel Prize to the family. But with this first novel (he has been a critic of the film and of literature) he has written an entirely different kind of book from his father's, so that we can meet him in a house of his own.

The Dinner Party, which is reportedly doing splendidly in France, initially threatens to be an intolerably exasperating book to get through. For Mauriac has taken eight characters, seated them around a dinner table in a fashionable apartment on the Ile St. Louis, and then proceeded to set down their thoughts during the course of the meal, interspersed with their actual conversation, without ever directly identifying who is thinking or speaking.

Of course there are certain clues. Sentences beginning with quotation marks indicate speech, those starting with dots, thought. There is also a seating chart that appears after the title page, so that when someone thinks, "Martine, on my left, has just . . ." we know where we are. Next, there are certain structural and stylistic hints—one person thinks in unpunctuated run-on sentences, like Molly Boom, another's silent reflections are broken up by parenthetical asides, a third's by a compulsive counting to six. And finally, there is the richer means of identification that we possess when we have become familiar with each character's qualities of mind and the nature of his special preoccupation.

The eight at dinner include the author of a single much-praised experimental novel, whose thoughts move between the problems of fiction and those of physical passion; his wife who dwells feverishly on her love for her children to compensate for her husband's essential indifference; a writer of popular movie scenarios who is torn between the "miracle" of his ten-year fidelity to his wife and the temptations of the evening; a fortyish woman nearly crazed by worship of her own body and fear of its onrushing decay; a beautiful Canadian girl who has been a prostitute and is now clawing her way up as an actress; a rich businessman who is impotent and searching desperately for proof of virility; a once reigning beauty who, approaching seventy, is devoured by regrets; and a young man of twenty, a left-wing intellectual who is contemptuous of and awed by the company.

Their talk ranges from observations on the food they are eating, to gossip, literary chit-chat, personal reminiscences and discussions of health and of death. For the most part it is bright, witty, febrile. But as one character reflects, "What we are really thinking is not what we are saying. Spoken words stand in for others that are kept silent." And another observes to himself, after the elaborate play of conversation has subsided, "all that is left is our individual obsessions."

The unspoken obsessions are what Mauriac handles so agilely, scarcely ever striking a false note or holding one too long. Taken together, these eight besieged consciousnesses, with their separate histories and vantage points, add up to the image of a tight humid society, whose members are psychically and metaphysically isolated from one another. It is the portrait of what Bergson called France's "aphrodisiac civilization," in which sex is made the subject of ceaseless pursuit, as well as being infused with intellectual values of the greatest degree of subtlety.

Entertaining as it is, and filled as it is with incidental shrewdness and windfalls of insight, *The Dinner Party,* as an experiment in fiction, is a very solitary, hermetic sort of achievement. The question the book poses to literature is, now that it has been done, what is the point of doing it again? Apart from that a tour de force of this kind always leaves the possibility that, in regard to the author, all the force has been used up.

Gain in Craft

ENCOUNTERS. By Daniel Berrigan. World. $3.50.

By ROSEMARY F. DEEN

FATHER Berrigan's second book of poems shows his gains in craft. Few poems merely turn and sound like good modern poetry. He attempts to conserve and balance the weight of importance in the structure and to tighten the line of progression. The very quality, however, puts in a glare those patches in which a poem lapses till it can get over to the next part. There is still a tendency to bear down heavily at the end of poem after an uncertain beginning. A slight poem like "Child Above a Flower" can hardly bear the weight of its striking ending: "Growth is a death/on my youth laid."

Part I of *Encounters* consists mostly of monologues from Scriptural persons. It is of particular advantage for Catholics to have this material available to them because

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these "myths," while old in poetic tradition, have been untreated by major poets except Eliot for the past fifty years. Moreover this material is greatly enriched by modern hagiography and devotional writing and by modern studies in theology, liturgy, and the Bible. These new perspectives, in the natural way of poetry, ought to inspire new techniques or modifications. The monologue, a very flexible instrument, is one way of rendering this material particular and immediate. The danger probably is that it may humanize its subjects too thoroughly. Old Testament figures particularly are types as well as persons and so have a dimension of mystery beyond natural history.

Although these monologues are the most distinctive poetry in *Encounters,* those characters who are "humanized" range the borders of sentimentality. "Eve" begins: "It was for love of me/Adam undid Christ." The poem offers no way to take this as dramatic irony. But how does such an idea express the awfulness of the mystery of Original Sin and the evil the world bears? On the other hand, "Abel" is an achievement of control and ramification, partly because the womanly, familial limitations of Eve's insights are used dramatically and ironically. Abel declares: "One blood veined us, stem and fruit/ weighing our mother Eve." Oneness of blood makes Eve preach solidarity to brothers. But community of blood now carries death as well as life: "My mother, the worm that raveled Eden/tents in the parent tree." Till the murder, Eve will not see that Original Sin means death; and the ironic counterpoise to her teaching of blood solidarity to the brother is the message Abel commits to his spilled blood: "Go . . . teach death to my mother."

The lyrics of Part II look more conventional and there is an occasional decline into easy sentiments: "by terror/man drowns or mounts himself." Marianne Moore often makes this kind of statement, but in a highly stylized way—the emotion cut down and controlled by wit and even flatness. In some of Father Berrigan's poems there is an assertion of mounting but no sense of drowning. How can he convey terror then? the terror of "We perished, each alone:/But I beneath a rougher sea,/And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."? Or the terror that is never stated but reaches out from Robert Lowell's later poems?

Father Berrigan has preoccupations — trees, childhood — which often yield some of his best poems. The cold moon of his first book of poems that "never will heat or approve" man's blood here becomes, in a first rate poem, the ludicrous "Snowman," who is

> . . . king too, from coal eyes surveying
> kingdom, from ruined mouth saying: *it is all like me:*
> *no blue or red of vein or knick-knack heart*
> *fired and set afoot, I do not permit me.*
> * * * *
> *But head to boot one element, one temperate cold requiring.*
> His fallen coals weep and are granted:
> *spare me sight of the unlike world, its hearts and*
> *heats and blueveined men*

Here death is presented and controlled—no less real for being a snowman and no less frightening because our feelings are not summoned to pity or fear.

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REVIEWERS

Anne Fremantle, a regular contributor to The Commonweal, is well known as writer and lecturer. Her latest book is *This Little Band of Prophets,* a study of the British Fabians.

Richard Gilman writes on literary and cultural matters for a variety of American publications.

Rosemary Deen is engaged in advanced studies in English. She writes most frequently on poets and poetry.

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ART

Who Buys American Art?

THOSE PEOPLE who have been wondering who will take the place of the "robber barons" of yesterday as art patrons on a grand scale in our industrial society, and have not yet found a satisfactory answer in "museums," "foundations," or the catch-all "investors," may have found at least a negative answer as a result of the Whitney Museum's interesting exhibit *Business Buys American Art.* In the foreword of the catalogue for the exhibit Mr. David Prager says that "the purchasers of art for business are pioneers," and while one might quarrel with the use of the word "pioneers" because of its suggestion of boldness, it does seem very suitable in meaning a small group of exploiters of a new territory. Although the entire country and all its powerful business organizations were canvassed for their investment in twentieth century American art, the cream of that crop presents a handsome but very limited achievement, and is far from displaying (even all together) any of the ardor, richness or variety that one associates with the term "art patron."

This, of course, is not really terribly surprising; perhaps what *is* surprising is that business should choose to "pioneer" this field at all and to find (as Mr. Prager also says) that there is a "subtle but very real connection between beauty and good business." The subtlety of this connection leaves so much in the air what either beauty or good business really is, that one can only be grateful that the connection exists and operates and to suspect that perhaps good business is as congruous with beauty as any other valid enterprise.

If it is true that in the modern world the forces of industry and commerce have seized the reins of power, they have certainly not yet (unlike the Church in medieval times) either inspired a particular kind of art nor fostered one. I am inclined to be very glad this is so, and to be gratified to notice that what business buys turns out not to be categorically different from what the non-business buyers of American art have bought. There is perhaps a greater reliance on "big names" and a leaning towards the less "intimate" works of art—but this could as well be said of museums and foundations, and the latter comment might be made about any buyer at all of American art, since our contemporary artists lean so far away from the "intimate" anyhow and force buyers towards this choice. This characteristic of twentieth century American art indeed makes it particularly suitable for the large buildings and commercial projects of business, where the public is obliged to view art almost in passing.

If all this appears to leave little room for self-contained excellence in the individual works of art involved, the happy news evidenced by the Whitney exhibit is that this simply does not turn out to be the case. No one could look at Bertoia's *Sun,* a spikey, huge glittery bloom (steel, brass, copper and nickel) that belongs to Geigy Pharmaceuticals in Ardsley, N. Y., without conceding that this is a splendid achievement that could stand any amout of looking at; in common with a thousand masterpieces it needs a certain space to view, but I wouldn't mind coming on it in a dark closet. The same can be said of Richard Lippold's *Star of Texas,* which spreads a magic delicate web of stainless steel, aluminum and gold threads at the Longview National Bank in Texas; this was photographed for inclusion in the exhibit. As for Calder's *Mobile* at NY's International Airport (also photographed) it is another of his superb, airy, elegant drawings-in-space that creates a sort of large gaiety for its impersonal setting.

In general the sculpture at this exhibit seemed to be superior in quality to the painting—Lipton's *Hero* (Inland Steel Co., Chicago)

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and his *Sea Bloom* for the Manufacturer's Trust in N. Y. are two more distinguished works—but here again business buyers cannot be said to be unusual. The fact is that the immediately contemporary American art scene is one that offers a more solid achievement in sculpture than in painting, despite the dazzling ferment of our abstract expressionists, who represent élan rather than individual masterworks.

The conclusion one is forced to is the familiar one: this is an age of specialization. The patron today is in fact just a "buyer" of art; he gets the advice of specialists, and his taste operates within the framework of expert opinion. What we lose in fervor, richness or variety we after all gain in expertise. It makes it easy to hope that business will go on and develop this new territory it is "pioneering" in, and buy more and more American art.

BETTY KAUFMAN.

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Sept. 1-22, Columbus Museum of Arts & Crafts, Columbus, Ga.

Oct. 7-28, J. B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, Ky.

Dec. 9-Jan. 9, 1961, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, Va.

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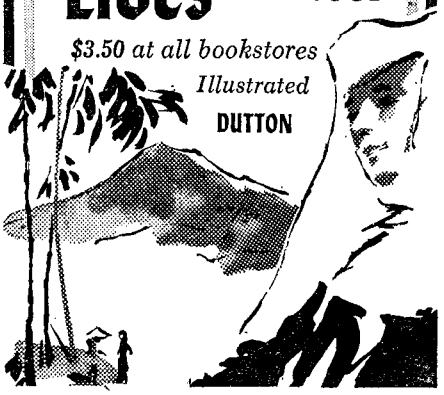

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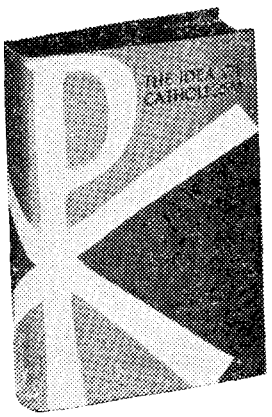

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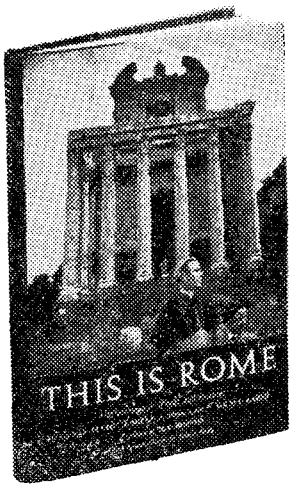

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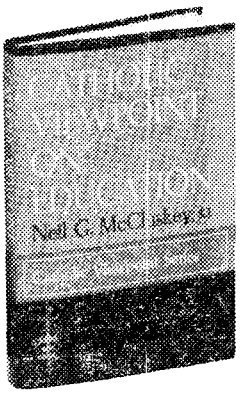

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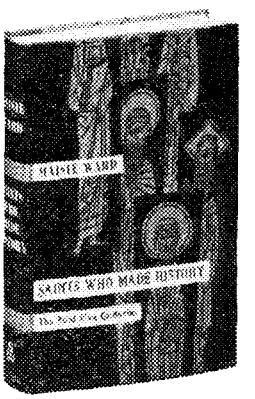

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